December 9
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THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

"And he who is faithful shall overcome all things, and shall be lifted up at the last day." DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS 75: 16.

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IN HONOUR OF DR. KARL G. MAESER

HYRUM W. VALENTINE

PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN-AUSTRIAN MISSION

NOVEMBER 19, 1926, was a great day in the German-Austrian Mission, and a day to be remembered throughout the Church. It was on that date that a great concourse of Church officers and members, together with official representatives of American and German interests, and citizens of Saxony, gathered at the town of Meissen to do honour to the memory of one of the greatest educators and truest teachers who have served in this high calling within the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

A two-story house, now old and with little to distinguish it from other habitations of the neighbourhood, is known as No. 10 Zscheilaer Strasse. Behind it is a little garden, reached by steps, as it lies several feet above the level of the street. The whole forms a cozy and old-fashioned home, which is now owned and inhabited by the family of Robert Bernock, who is a shoemaker by trade.

It was here that our beloved teacher and efficient missionary, DR. KARL G. MAESER, was born; and the occasion referred to above was that of the unveiling and dedication of a "Gedenktafel" or Memorial Plate, which had been placed upon the outer wall of the house, facing the street.

As was set forth by one of the speakers at the services, the plan for the erection of such a tablet was suggested on August 21, 1925, by President James E. Talmage, when he, together with Presidents Fred Tadje and Hugh J. Cannon, their wives, and a small party of other brethren and sisters, visited the home, viewed the room in which Brother Maeser was born, and obtained the willing consent of the present owner of the premises for the proposed undertaking.

The tablet is an oblong stone, $39\frac{1}{2} \times 31\frac{1}{2}$ inches, of beautiful texture, highly polished, and inscribed with deep-cut letters lined with pure leaf gold. It is set in, so that its surface is flush with the wall. For the special day of dedication the stone was edged about, that is to say, completely framed, with sprigs of evergreen. The text of the inscription was composed in English by President Talmage; and the German equivalent was cut into the stone. The English version reads:

IN THIS HOUSE

On January 16, 1828

was born

KARL GOTTFRIED MAESER

Next to his God he loved his fellow-men
and to their betterment devoted his life

To know him was to be well taught

He was an eminent educator, a profound
theologian and an exemplar of true religion

In THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
to which he devoted the full powers of his splendid manhood
he was one of the Lord's leaders

He died in honor on February 16, 1901, at Salt Lake City, Utah,
United States, America

The services began at one o'clock in the afternoon, with the pleasing accompaniments of mild temperature and brilliant sunshine. At an appropriate stage of the procedure the tablet, theretofore hidden by a curtain, was unveiled by Elder Myron Maeser Crandall, now in service as a missionary in this land and a grandson of Dr. Karl G. Maeser. The flags of the United States and Saxony adorned the wall.

Of our Church people there were present four Mission Presidents, of whom one is a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, six Conference Presidents, seventy-seven missionaries, including Sister Eliza W. Tadje and Sister Rose Ellen B. Valentine, and an unconnted assembly of other members. Hon. George P. Waller, who is the United States Consul stationed at Dresden, and one of his associates, Vice Consul Duran Grinstead, represented America at the services; and there were also in attendance representatives of the schools and of the Burgomeister of Meissen.

Beside the invocation by Elder Douglas Wood, the benediction by Mission President Hyrum W. Valentine, and the prayer of dedication by President Talmage, the exercises consisted of ad-

dresses and both instrumental and vocal selections—the latter comprising hymns written by Dr. Maeser or translated into German by him, and another composed in his honour. The compositions sung were the German versions of "O Say, What is Truth?", "O My Father", "Now Let Us Rejoice in the Day of Salvation", and the touching tribute to our departed brother composed by his former pupil, Annie Pike, entitled "The Teacher's Work is Done."

The Memorial Address was given by President Talmage, this having been written by him in English, then translated into German by Elder Helmuth Plath of the Stettin Conference, and was read in German by the speaker. Shorter addresses were delivered by Presidents Hugh J. Cannon and Fred Tadje. As was particularly fitting, in view of his having had charge of the plans and their detailed execution in preparation for the great event, President Fred Tadje conducted the services at the house.

Many of those who attended had made their way to Meissen by motor-busses, boats on the Elbe, and trains. The day was one of solemn rejoicing and thanksgiving. Every courtesy that could be observed was extended by the municipal officials. A cordon of patrolmen, under command of a Police Inspector, gave kind but firm aid in keeping the space clear immediately in front of the house, and in assisting the crowd.

Many of the people had inquiries to make concerning the Church, and for a considerable time our missionaries were kept busy answering questions. Within a few days following the dedication we found it expedient to assign missionary elders for regular service in Meissen and vicinity.

IN WORTHY REMEMBRANCE*

JAMES E. TALMAGE

OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE AND PRESIDENT OF THE EUROPEAN MISSIONS

WE ARE ASSEMBLED to commemorate the life and labours of one of the truly great. In so doing we honour ourselves. He needs not our praise, and yet, who shall say that from the realm of the dead, into which he has passed, he may not see and know what here we do to-day? No soul is born to earth without a definitely appointed work, the accomplishment of which shall make of it a burdensome task or a joyous occupation according to his devotion thereto.

*Memorial Address delivered at the unveiling and dedication of the Karl G. Maeser tablet, Meissen, Germany, November 19, 1926. This address, first written in English by the speaker, was translated into German by Elder Helmuth Plath of the German-Austrian Mission; and was read in German by Dr. Talmage at the public open-air services, which were held at the Maeser birthplace.

Nearly a century ago, on January 16, 1828, in this house a man-child was born, who was foreappointed to be a leader and teacher among his fellows. Like Jeremiah and other prophets he was chosen and commissioned before he was born.

KARL GOTTFRIED MAESER was his name—a name that has become so illustrious as to constitute a title of true nobility. He was literally high and well born, for his parents were virtuous, honourable and of exalted ideals. His father was a master artist in the porcelain works which have so greatly contributed to the fame of Meissen and Dresden. The boy attended school in both of these cities, and was duly graduated from the Normal School of Dresden in May, 1848. He entered at once upon the vocation of his life, that of a teacher, serving in the public schools of Dresden and as private tutor. There he was given a high position in the Budig Institute; and it was during his professional career in that superior school that he became interested in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The manner in which his interest was aroused is significant.

Even as I have heard the story from his lips direct, I tell it to you. He had undertaken to prepare a lecture or thesis on the distinctive characteristics of the many and varied churches of the day. By a fortuitous coincidence, during the time of his research he came across a newspaper story relating to the Latter-day Saints, depicting them in a very unfavourable light, even misrepresenting them by such epithets as fanatical, un-Christianlike, dishonest and immoral generally. But the writer of that article, which was intended to be calumnious and derogatory, told also of the wonderful growth and development of these strange people in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, of the growing commonwealth they had planted in the desert, of their achievements in agriculture and the industrial arts. With the analytical vision of a trained reasoner, and, moreover, with the open and unbiased mind of an honest man, a lover of the truth, Karl G. Maeser saw the inconsistency of these contradictory assertions. "I knew" he has said to me many times, "that no people could develop and thrive as the facts showed the Latter-day Saints to have done, and at the same time be of degraded nature and base ideals."

He immediately became an investigator in this field of inquiry. After persistent effort he ascertained the location of the headquarters of the Latter-day Saints in Europe, which he found to be in Liverpool, England. Through correspondence he was put into communication with missionaries of the Church who were then labouring in Germany. From them he learned much as to the fundamental doctrines of the Church, both by word of mouth and by the study of literature relating to the subject. He listened and read with eager interest and devout intent. Soon he became aware of a strange and potent influence working upon

him, a power that urged him forward in his researches, firing his soul with zeal, and literally revealing to him relationships in the doctrines such as afforded a perspective clear and most glorious. The chief reagent in the subtle processes of analysis to which he subjected principle after principle was prayer, the effectiveness of which was manifest in his life to an extent he had never before known.

Faith, the first principle of the revealed Gospel of Jesus Christ, was part of his birthright; it was to him vital and sustaining. He had believed and professed from boyhood that Jesus Christ was the Redeemer and Saviour of the race; but in the illumined vista of his enlarged vision he saw this fundamental truth, not as a separate and detached precept or tenet, but as the actual foundation of a noble structure, vast, real, and wondrous. He learned the all-important difference between merely *knowing something about* his Lord the Redeemer, and *knowing* the Lord.

Repentance, in both the general and specific sense, appealed to him; and the youthful student repented with abiding fervour, manifesting a repentance that was not to be repented of. In years long after, I was this man's privileged assistant in professional service, though I was but a boy, he the man; I the student, he the master; I the humble follower, he the inspired and inspiring leader. I have traveled and served with him; together we have hungered and eaten, thirsted and drunk. In periods of quiet converse, sanctified by such love and trust as would be fitting between father and son, Karl G. Maeser has told and taught to me the way of repentance and the indispensability thereof. To me he showed the distinction between mere passing regret or evanescent sorrow for some specific act of wrongdoing and the purifying, exalting, soul-ennobling contrition over the actuality of sinful tendencies, and the reality of *sin* as contrasted with *sins*. He showed me that both faith and repentance are gifts from God, freely bestowed upon every earnest seeker who is worthy of them.

Baptism, as a divinely prescribed ordinance essential to salvation, next followed. In the strength of his early manhood, fully conscious of the deep import of the step he was about to take, Karl G. Maeser prepared to submit to this requirement. On the 14th of October, 1855, he was baptized by immersion in the River Elbe, the ordinance being administered by Elder Franklin D. Richards, one of the Twelve Apostles in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Dr. Maeser has related to me a marvelous incident, which to him was as a seal set upon the document of a solemn and sacred contract. He had supplicated the Lord for definite assurance as to the rectitude of the course he had followed. Immediately after the baptism, on their way across the bridge between Dresden and Meissen, the newly-baptized believer, the Apostle who had

baptized him, and a few others who had witnessed the ordinance, conversed on gospel subjects. Brother Maeser knew no English, Apostle Richards could not speak German, and Elder William Budge interpreted between the two. After a few sentences had been thus interchanged, the translator was silent, for he perceived that the two, though respectively speaking German and English, understood each other perfectly, as the clearness and fervour of their conversation made plain. In later converse they had need of an interpreter as before. Some may challenge the genuineness of this impressive and unusual manifestation of the gift of tongues; but the witnesses thereto have individually affirmed to me the solemn reality of it all. Karl G. Maeser was subsequently confirmed a member of the Church, by the laying on of hands of those who bore the holy Priesthood, and thus became endowed, even as the Lord had promised, with the gift of the Holy Ghost.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was unpopular in that day; and Brother Maeser emigrated with his family, going first to England and thence to the United States of America, eventually reaching Utah, where the headquarters of the Church had been established. There in the far West he entered upon the most important phase of his life's work. He served as private tutor, public teacher, professor, principal, and during his closing years as General Superintendent of the entire Church school system. From the highest educational authority in the Church he received the degree of Doctor of Letters and Didactics.

Dr. Maeser wrote few books, though numerous articles and pamphlets poured from his pen. He was preeminently a teacher, and he taught by personal contact and individual companionship. To come near him was to feel the influence of a great presence. His splendid training in the schools of Germany, the wholesome yet rigid discipline therein practised, enabled him to impress the school systems of the West in a way most beneficial and enduring.

Dr. Maeser stood, in precept and practice, for the symmetrical development of mind, body, and spirit—that is, of the complete soul—in education. Together with the secular branches of learning he taught the principles of a living, practical, effective religion. He held that spiritual development was even more important than mental or physical growth alone. To him science and religion were handmaidens of the Lord, engaged in harmonious and reciprocal service, nurturing and leading the soul toward the state of perfection planned by the Divine Father. Who shall venture to challenge or deny such a philosophy of life?

Among those who have been privileged to sit under his personal instruction are United States Senators and Congressmen, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, legislators, engineers, explorers, inventors, men of letters, theologians, and some who have attained positions of high leadership in the great

Church to which he devoted the best energies of his splendid career.

His love for the Fatherland, coupled with the yearning desire to make known to his countrymen the vitalising truths of the Gospel, which had so forcefully influenced his life, brought him back to Germany as a missionary for his Church. In 1867 he became President of the Swiss and German Mission. While so officiating he founded the Mission magazine, *Der Stern*, which has continued to this day and is now in its 58th volume.

As this memorial tablet attests, his love for his fellows was second only to his love toward his God. Truly to know him was to be well educated.

He passed from mortality on February 16, 1901, in Salt Lake City, Utah; and in the cemetery there an appropriate monument marks the resting place of the body, through which his deathless spirit functioned so effectively in the service for which, truly, he had been divinely commissioned. It was eminently fitting that his loving family and students should so make plain the place of his body's repose, yet he needs no material monument to perpetuate his memory. The record of his deeds is inscribed in the hearts of his pupils.

So is it in every way proper that this house, wherein he began his period of earth-life, should be marked to commemorate the advent hither of so great a soul.

His deeds do honour to the country of his birth and to that of his adoption. For having given to us and the world such a man as Karl Gottfried Maeser, we, his co-religionists and grateful beneficiaries, express our appreciative thanks to Meissen, to Dresden, to Saxony and to Germany. Reverently do we offer gratitude and thanksgiving to the Lord for the life of this leader, with all its attendant blessings, for he was verily a man of God.

We are grateful for the manifestations of respect and honour to the memory of Dr. Maeser as shown at this gathering by the official representatives of the American Consulate, the Burgomeister of Meissen, the school authorities of both Meissen and Dresden, and the many others of place and station in educational, municipal, national and international affairs.

May all who pass this way pause long enough to read this simple and truthful inscription, and feel in some degree the sweet influence of the loving, helping, noble spirit of the man whom to-day we honour.

So shall it be, and so shall it be said of Karl Gottfried Maeser, *that though dead he yet speaketh.*

Following the address foregoing, President Talmage offered the prayer of dedication, and during the delivery the great assembly stood with heads uncovered and bowed and with every manifestation of reverential attention.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1926

EDITORIAL

BROTHER MAESER

NEARLY A CENTURY from the time of his birth, more than a quarter of a century after his death, the life and works of KARL GOTTFRIED MAESER come anew into especial prominence, through the dedication of a memorial to his name at Meissen, Germany, the town of his birth. A general account of the proceedings incident to the gladsome occasion appears in this issue.

In the professional world he was Doctor, Professor, Principal, and General Superintendent; but to the hosts of students and associates—those by whom he was well known and best beloved, he was and always will be just BROTHER MAESER. By that name is he most endeared; it constitutes his greatest title as man, brother, teacher, friend.

It was the blessed privilege of the present writer to come under Brother Maeser's tuition, within the influence of his wise but firm discipline, when but a boy nearing the close of his thirteenth year. It seems now that from the time of the first meeting there was a feeling of personal affection between master and pupil. This condition of reciprocated regard grew to be a species of fatherly and filial devotion, through which either would gladly have made any required sacrifice for the other.

In an extraordinary degree, Brother Maeser had the faculty of arousing and maintaining the interest of his pupils, kindling their ambition, literally firing them with desire amounting to determination to press forward and upward in their chosen or appointed work. Pedagogy was his professional specialty, theology his subject of personal study and research. He claimed but modest acquaintance with natural history, biology or the physical sciences. Yet men who later attained eminence as naturalists, physicians or surgeons, engineers, chemists or geologists, received from him the rudimentary instruction in their respective subjects; but more effective by far than this very elementary training was the alluring, inviting vision of what lay beyond, and the impelling purpose of going on. Often was he heard to say that the glory of a teacher's success is to be found in the advancement of his pupils beyond his own bounds of possible achievement. He was a teacher as distinguished from a mere lesson-giver, a true shepherd as contrasted with a hireling sheepherder.

Among the pupils who were aided and led by his guidance during the early years of the Brigham Young Academy, now University, were Hon. Reed Smoot and Hon. William H. King, both Senators of the United States; Hon. George Sutherland, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Dr. George H. Brimhall, former President and now President-Emeritus of the Brigham Young University; and a host of men and women who have attained honorable distinction in both secular and ecclesiastical positions of trust and responsibility.

The house of his birth is now suitably marked. A massive plate of enduring diabase, deeply graved with an informative and impressive inscription is affixed thereto. The place in which his mortal body was laid to rest when his spirit vacated it for a season is adorned with a stately monument. But even should it be that both these memorials meet destruction, Brother Maeser's memory would endure.

Who can doubt that in the realm to mortal eyes invisible the teacher is teaching? The grave cannot stop the work of such as he. Brother Maeser yet lives and serves, inspires and leads, always onward, ever upward.—J. E. T.

GOD SPEED! AND WELCOME!

A CHANGE in the Presidency of the German-Austrian Mission went into effect on November 19th, when PRESIDENT FRED TADJE retired from the responsibilities of this high calling, and was succeeded by PRESIDENT HYRUM W. VALENTINE.

President Tadje with his wife, SISTER ELIZA WALZ TADJE, who has served most successfully as President of the Relief Societies of the Mission; and their three boys, Harold, John, and Frederick, left Dresden in the early morning of November 20th, amidst the fervent *Auf weiderschen* of a great company of missionaries and resident members of the Church who had gathered at the station to see them off and wave fond adieus. Surely these faithful servants are greatly beloved by the people with whom and for whom they have so devotedly served since April 1, 1923, when they arrived in the field of what was then the undivided Swiss-German Mission. President and Sister Tadje, with their family, have been blessed in their labours, and have had the joy of seeing the Mission grow and develop to the extent that the demand of necessity became imperative, and the western section of the area had to be constituted as an independent mission.

Under President Tadje's direction there has been carried on much breaking up of new ground, with plough and harrow, this being followed by the actual sowing of gospel seed; while from other fields, each ploughed and seeded aforetime, he has had charge of the harvesting, and right glorious has it been.

Elder Philipp Tadje, the retiring President's father, remains in the Mission, as his current term of service is not as yet many months old; and he exhibits an energy and earnestness, worthy of emulation by our younger missionaries—to fill out a full period of intensive work. He has already accomplished much; and more is to be expected of him, for he is only 68 years old at present.

Now let the hearts, the hopes, the prayers, and the fullest measure of support, turn to PRESIDENT HYRUM W. VALENTINE, who came as he was sent, to serve as the President of the German-Austrian Mission, having arrived in Dresden on October 30th last, accompanied by his wife, Sister ROSE ELLEN BYWATER VALENTINE, a son, Dee J., and a daughter, Basel.

At the time of his call President Valentine was Bishop of the Third Ward, Brigham City, Utah, in which important office he had served over nine and a half years. The fact that he has had long experience as a bishop is sufficient proof of his acquaintance with work in its many and varied phases. It was said of old: "If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work." The latter-day version, in our Church, runs: If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth *a good deal of work.*

President and Sister Valentine arrived on their earlier mission January 20, 1911, and left the field, when honourably released, December 9, 1916. A deep love for the German people has abided with them through the near decade of their absence from the land of their long missionary endeavour, and they come again as to their own.

Sister Valentine has been active, devoted and eminently successful as an officer of the Relief Society, having served as President of the Ward Society, and as one of the presidency of the Stake organisation. The Relief Societies and other auxiliaries of the German-Austrian Mission will be greatly benefited by her wise counsel and acknowledged ability.

Our affectionate appreciation follows the returning ones, whilst our loving loyalty and whole-souled support go out to the newly arrived.—J. E. T.

A STUDENT'S TRIBUTE

MAY BOOTH TALMAGE

HONOURED INDEED are they who are privileged to pay special tribute to the truly great!

A quarter of a century has passed since Brother Karl G. Maeser's earthly tabernacle was consigned to its flower-lined resting place, but throughout the years and still the kindly countenance, the beloved voice, and magnetic personality, have been and are so

vividly realistic that one feels assured that Brother Maeser is not far distant.

He was the embodiment of a great man; one like unto those described by Carlyle in whose company it is good and pleasant to be; a living light fountain, not giving forth borrowed light, but acting as a natural luminary to enlighten the world.

Brother Maeser possessed the rare quality of looking for the best in his fellow teachers, students, and friends; and for this was richly rewarded in the generous response such confidence inspired. In his companionship one found stimulus for loftiest ambition and most righteous endeavour. To have this man as the honoured guest was a blessed privilege; and one's life was enriched in partaking of the hospitality of his home.

Esteem, loyalty, devotion and affectionate regard, were given in boundless measure to Brother Maeser by his students, because he exemplified their highest ideals and his teachings helped them to meet life's greatest needs.

From the abundance of his God-given talents Brother Maeser has enriched and continues to influence for good innumbered lives. As one among that blessed concourse I give this humble tribute.

HIS WORKS ENDURE*

HUGH J. CANNON

PRESIDENT OF THE SWISS-GERMAN MISSION

ALTHOUGH it was never my good fortune to be a student under Dr. Karl G. Maeser, I knew him rather intimately; and because of my sincere love for him I consider it a distinct honour to be asked to participate on this occasion. Thirty-four years ago it was my privilege to be a guest in this home for a few days, and even at that time the thought arose in my mind that there was a significant resemblance between this house and city and the man whose birthplace it was. It is a modest house and Dr. Maeser was modest. The city, as was the case with the man, is quiet and peaceful. Without any great and ostentatious show, Meissen has achieved an enviable reputation in all lands. The products of this city are world-renowned. As a boy in the western part of America I heard of them, and in every civilised community the porcelain of Meissen is known.

One may well wonder whether these wares are not more highly appreciated in foreign lands than here in the city where, through intelligent but toilsome labour and unusual skill, they are pro-

*Translation of remarks made in German at the Maeser Memorial service, Meissen, November 19, 1926.

duced. That is usually the case, and so it has always been. The words of the greatest Teacher that ever lived apply to the products of hand and brain as well as to men: "A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country."

Thus it was with Dr. Maeser. In a strange land he found his work, and while he was not world-renowned during his lifetime, now his name is known and honoured among many peoples, for there is scarcely a nation on earth in which the voices of some of his students have not been raised. Many of these students have reached a high place in the world. Among them are three Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, one of whom, Dr. James E. Talmage, is with us to-day; two United States Senators, Reed Smoot and William H. King; a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, Justice George Sutherland, and innumerable doctors, professors and other prominent men. The wares of this man, if I may be permitted to use that expression, are living, thinking, feeling men and women. Over a land more extensive than from Memel to Cologne and from Flensburg to Munich one finds people whose lives have been enriched because they had the opportunity of coming in contact with this striking personality.

No one can see the end of his work. It will go on and produce fruit during the coming centuries. A man might as well stretch forth his puny arm to turn this mighty stream upward as to stay the work of Dr. Maeser, for work such as his is eternal.

WHAT PRAYER AND PATIENCE CAN DO*

A Re-told Story—Fred Tadje

RETIRING PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN-AUSTRIAN MISSION

Doctor Maeser was more than a man of theory; ideals were to him but as guiding lights in the night. He put theory into practice, and embodied his ideals in works of definite form and material substance. In his personal life as in his class-room teachings, he strove for practical results, such as really count in the service of God for humanity.

Let me relate to you a story, one that I have read, telling of the good works of this good man.

In the southern part of Utah there lived a poor widow and her son, the latter a wild, impudent, intractable youth, whose trans-

*Address delivered at the Maeser Memorial services held at Meissen, Germany, November 19, 1926. The speaker disclaimed originality of the subject, and announced that he was but re-telling the story. The translation from German to English has been made for this publication in the *Star*.

gressions often brought his mother into sore distress. He was known as the terror of the town. He had almost reached the period of manhood without having curbed this insubordination. One evening the bishopric of the ward in which he lived proposed to him that he attend the Brigham Young Academy. In this proposition they had two purposes; one was that they might rid themselves of him, and the other that he might improve himself. They were willing to furnish the money if he would but go.

When this proposition was placed before him he accepted; his mother agreed to it; and in a very short time he was enrolled as a student in the above mentioned school. One glance was sufficient to convince his associates that he was not to be trifled with. He came to school with his books under his arm and a six-shooter in his hip pocket. It was difficult for him to accustom himself to his new surroundings; he felt like a young broneo, newly saddled.

Before the end of the first week he had a difficulty with his teacher, to whom he manifested such a degree of insubordination that his instructors appealed to President Maeser of the Academy to have him suspended. With bowed head the Principal listened, without uttering a word. Finally he broke the silence and said, "Try him once more; he is the son of a widow whose entire hope is centered in him. She knows her boy better than we. She hopes and prays that some day he will see the foolishness of his ways and change them. She has written me several letters in which she has pleaded with me to try and save him. I have promised that I would do my best, and I will keep my promise. Give him one more chance."

The instructors returned to their class-rooms in compliance with the master's wishes. Try as they would, all their efforts were in vain, and the young man remained wholly uncontrollable. At the end of another week the instructors returned to the office of the Principal and placed two propositions before him. The one was that this young man should be dismissed from the school forthwith; the other, that in the event the Principal could not see his way clear to dismiss him, they would hand in their resignations to take effect immediately. "That young man is a terror," said one of the instructors; "we have done our best, but have failed absolutely." "Send him to me" said Brother Maeser.

In a few minutes the young man entered the Principal's room. "Did you send for me?" he asked in a low but defiant voice. "Yes, sir," replied the genial Principal. "I sent for you because I have to inform you that you must leave this institution tomorrow morning." "Good," answered the yet unsubdued youth; he then turned about and left the room.

In the middle of the following night, Brother Maeser awoke from his slumber and thought of the wild youth whom no one seemed able to tame, who was to be expelled from the school on the following morning. He also thought of the anxious widow

and how she had pleaded with him that he might save her son. He arose from his bed, knelt by the side of it and laid the matter before the Lord; and this was the purport of his supplication: "Dear Father, there is at this time a young man in our school whom we are unable to control. We have tried to do our best, but, sad to say, we have failed. If there is a way whereby we may reach him, I pray thee in our Redeemer's name to make it known unto us; and thy name shall have the praise, the honour, and the glory."

"I received no satisfaction from my supplication," said Doctor Maeser; "and therefore thought it possible that the Lord Himself had given him up."

The next morning, about ten o'clock, as the Principal was sitting in his office, there came a knock at the door. Following his call, "Come in," the "black sheep" of the flock entered the room.

"Well," said the Principal, "what can I do for you?" The young man, with down-cast eyes, replied: "May I speak with you for a few moments Professor Maeser?"

"Certainly" was the reply.

The young man's lips quivered; and, with trembling voice, he said: "You will not dismiss me Brother Maeser, will you? Will you not please give me one more chance?" Brother Maeser sprang to his feet, extended his arms toward this once obstinate youth and exclaimed: "Come to my arms, my son, God bless you! I will not give you up; not one chance, but a thousand chances shall we be glad to give you." The master and the student fell into each others' arms and wept.

This was the turning point in the life of this young man. He studied energetically and worked so industriously that upon various occasions the Principal had to caution him against over-exertion.

You ask, "Whatever became of the boy?" The last we heard of him he was a counselor to the bishop who had sent him to Provo to school, partly that the ward might be relieved of his presence. He and thousands of others living to-day bless the name of Karl G. Maeser, and hold it in honourable remembrance.

On February 16th, 1901, this grand old master laid down his earthly work to enter service in a higher sphere. On the 16th of January 1908, his birthday, the faculty and students assembled on Temple Hill at Provo, upon which was dedicated a splendid structure, known as the Maeser Memorial Building. It is a large imposing monument to the memory of a man whose life was dedicated to the service of his fellow-men.

The following are some of Doctor Maeser's sermonettes; every-one of them is wholesome food for noble thought:

Disbelief in God is tuberculosis of the soul.

Always be yourself, but always your better-self.

The Lord is never in debt to any man.

Make the inner man conform to your ideal.

The life of each man is a lesson with a moral for the rest of us.

My word shall ever be as good as my bond.

Authority must be like an iron hand in a velvet glove.

Say to thy soul: "No unclean thing shall enter here."

He who has lost the Spirit of the Lord is spiritually dead.

We go East for our education now, but the time will come when the East shall come to the West for wisdom.

No righteous regulations are too rigid or firm for me; my life shall be above them.

Greed for gain has obscured many a golden opportunity.

School is a preparation for the battle of life; he who fails in the preparation cannot hope to win in the actual struggle.

I would rather trust my child with a serpent than place him in the hands of an irreligious teacher.

The angels never miss an opportunity to remind us of the good that is within us.

All our prayers are inscriptions of the heart, and are legible to ourselves and God only.

Youth craves recreation, and if it be not provided in noble and elevating places, the young people will seek the experience elsewhere.

The cultured man speaks so as to be understood by the simplest mind.

If you have learned but the infinitesimal part of a divine principle, apply it in practical life.

Our present life is a result of our previous life, just as our future life depends upon our present.

Let your first "Good Morning" be to your Father in heaven.

A man without a character is like a ship without a rudder.

I would rather lose my right arm than break my word of honour.

If it be pleasing to my Father in heaven, I shall be a teacher there.

That which a man speaks is not the most important, but that which impels him to utterance.

A worthy ambition is essential to success.

When I attend a religious service, I give ear to the sermon.

I demand more from myself and my conduct than from anyone else.

He who deceives others is a knave, but he who deceives himself is a fool.

Our patriarchal blessings are passages from our book of possibilities.

Boys, whenever you are tempted to enter a carousal or do evil, think of me, your teacher.

It is our privilege to become so attached to our duties that the greatest storms of temptation shall have no power to lead us astray.

Sooner or later we all come to the cross-roads, where each of us must choose between personal and selfish interests and the principles of righteousness.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"—Shakespeare

THE TEACHER'S WORK IS DONE

In memory of Dr. Karl Gottfried Maeser

Come, lay his books and papers by,
He shall not need them more,
The ink shall dry upon his pen,
So softly close the door.
His tired head, with locks of white,
And like the winter's sun,
Hath lain to peaceful rest to-night—
The teacher's work is done.

His work is done; no care to-night
His tranquil rest shall break.
Sweet dreams, and with the morning light,
On other shores he'll wake.
His noble thoughts, his wise appeal,
His works that battles won;
But God doth know the loss we feel—
The teacher's work is done.

We feel it, while we miss the hand
That made us brave to bear,
Perchance, in that near-touching land
His work did wait him there,
Perchance, when death its change hath wrought,
And this brief race is run.
His voice again shall teach. Who thought
The teacher's work was done?

Annie Pike [now Mrs. Greenwood]

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